p-peak.

t's an a-awful th-thing t-t-to b-be b-b-born with a t-tongue that's r-ready t-to b-b-balk.

whenever you're w-wantin' t-t-to use it h-havin' a l-l-l-little t-t-t-talk.

th-that w-word I c-c-c-couldn't sp-p

s-s-short s-s-simple ry-ry-ry-ry-

n-nothin v-v-very n-n-new, Although it m-m-may s-s-s-seem r-r-really quite I-l-l-laughable t-t-t-to y-y-y-y-y-

d-d-dollar b-b-b-bill.

b-b-but it is s-s-s-so.

Imp-p-p-p-p-p-p-Imp-p-pediment J-J-J-J-J-

p-p-possibly b-b-be m-m-me,

With m-me ag-g-g-g-g-g-g--

b-but it w-won't l-leave m-my head

The quick 'nd d-d-d-d-d-d-

g-g-gal I w-w-wanted b-b-bad;

w-when I w-was half through.

I w-worked ai-l-long a-b-b-bout an hour, 'nd

-says sh-sh-she, "J-J-Joe, 1-1-life is m-mighty

s-short, t-t-too s-short t-to w-wait f-for y-

T-to w-w-wait f-f-for y-y-y-y-y-y-"

Nd s-so another f-fellow g-g-got m-m-my g-g-

3-but I've b-b-b-been t-t-told he b-blames m-my

t-t-tongue f-for b-bringing him t-to w-woe, Nd so w-wishes sh-sh-she had w-w-waited f-f-for

Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J-J-J-J

A f-fellow in a h-h-hurry asked how f-f-far it

t-t-tried f-f-for t-t-twenty m-m-minutes

s-s-says he, w-w-with ugly f-f-f-frown,
I'll l-l-lose m-m-more t-t-time s-w-w-waitin

Than it w-w-would t-t-take f-f-for m-m-me t-te

When I am th-th-thirsty, if I had t-to n-name

B-before I g-g-got it, I am a-s-sure that

Th-th-the b-b-barkeep knows m-my b-b-bev

erage, 'nd w-when I w-wink one eye.

He g-g-g-gently p-p-places at m-my s-s-s-side

B-b-b-bottle of old r-r-r-r-r-

I p-p-point out on a b-b-bill of f-f-f-fare the

th-thing I w-want t-t-to eat.

I b-b-bow my head f-f-for "b-b-b-beefsteak

Sno use t-t-to k-k-k-kick if they b-b-b-bring

But s-sometimes I c-c-c-can't help b-but

I h-h-had a g-g-g-g-g-g-

t-t-till l-life is d-d-d-done.

r-rare," 'nd hope it w-w-will b-b-be sweet.

m-me instead b-b-beefsteak w-well

w-w-w-wish by G-G-George I h-had a

s-s-suffer in a th-thousand w-ways 'nd w-will

W-while over m-my inf-f-f-firmity the w-w-w-world has l-l-lots of f-f-fun. B-but if I g-go t-t-to h-h-heaven 'nd f-f-find

m-my t-t-tongue w-works be better there

Try 'nd d-d-do m-my sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-

in s-s-singin' s-s-songs of g-g-g-gratitude I'll

B-but w-when I'm d-d-dead, upon the st-t-ton

if s-s-some remarks y-y-you t-t-trace,

-y-y-you n-n-n-needn't m-m-mention that I've

g-g-gone t-t-to any 't-ticlar p-p-place;

For I'm a-g-g-goin' t-t-to l-l-look around w-w

when I c-c-c-cut l-l-l-loose b-b-b-below.

N-no d-d-dum p-p-post m-m-mortem wt-t-t-tut-erin' for Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J-

The Bridge Cable Gave Out.

Before the heavy morning traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge railroad to-day a gang of work-

nen had to take off the broken wire cable and

Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J-J-Joe.
WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

t-t-try 'nd d-d-do m-my sh-sh-sh-

b-b-b-bottle of old r-r-r-r-r-

w-w-would d-d-die of th-th-thirst.

How f-f-far it is t-t-to h-h-h-h-h-h-h-

f-f-for y-y-you the thing t-to t-tell,

f-find how f-far it is t-to h-h-h-

w-w-was t-t-to t-town.

m-my l-l-licker f-f-first,

d-d-done.

E-E-E-E-E-

gal, 'nd m-m-married her, B-because I g-got excited 'nd m-my-my

tongue r-r-refused t-t-to st-t-tir.

Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J-J-J-J

The t-t-time I had a-p-p-p-p-poppin'

w-w-worst I ever h-h-had.

"T-till G-G-Gabriel b-b-blows his t-t-t-trumpet

t-t-to aw-w-wake the quick 'nd d-d-d-

'nd t-turned I-loose b-bout half d-done.

I'd s-sing it i-if I c-c-could.

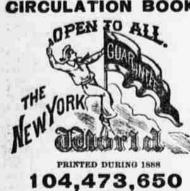
triggerless old gun ?

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,039 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

CIRCULATION BOOKS



WHICH AVERAGES OVER

Two Millions a Week,

OR, EXACTLY, 285,447 COPIES PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE YEAR

"COMPARISONS ESTABLISH VALUE.

The World Guarantees:

First, THAT this is a larger number of paper. than were printed during the year 1888 beany two other American newspapers Combined. Second, THAT its daily average, 285,447, it mere than 100,000 COPIEN per day in excess that of any other newspaper in America.

Third, THAT its circulation during 1888 was Fourth, THAT its circulation during 1888 was

Fifth, THAT its circulation during 1888 was more

Sixth, THAT the bona-fule average circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD for 1888 was 280,326 copies, and that this was over TWO AND A HALF TIMES the circulation of the New York HERALD, more than DOUBLE that of the New York Sunday SUN, and more than 50,000 in excess of the New York Sunday HERALD, TRIBUNE and TIMES com-

Seventh, TO REFUND ALL MONEYS PAID PROPER TEST, THE ABOVE STATEMENTS ARE NOT VERIFIED

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

IT PROTESTS VIGOROUSLY AGAINST THE ABDUCTION OF TINA WEISS.

Highland Falls Awake.

To the Editor of The Eccuing World:

Reading of your amendment in regard to the commitment of children to different societies some weeks ago, I did not well understand its purport. But in reading the case of Tina Weiss it is perfectly clear. The child's parents should receive the warmest sympathy. I hope that THE EVENING WORLD will crown this crusade with success, as it does its other undertakings. Continue your good 8. O. W.

P. S.-If money is needed a subscription will be made in this town Highland Falls, Feb. 11.

Yes, We'll Print Their Names.

I am a New Yorker, but at present a Newtrker. I am a reader of your splendid paper. And for one, I want to thank you for the stand you are taking in the Tina Weiss case. I hope your bill to repeal the present law will pass in Albany. Let the people watch those members who vote against it, as I know THE EVENING WORLD will publish their names. Then let the people put a veto on them returning to Albany as the people's choice, Keep the pot a-boiling.

THOS. L. McCLAIN, 273 Warren street. Newark, N. J., Feb. 10.

A Terrible Outrage.

I see by your valuable paper the interest you have taken in Tina Weiss. Is this a free country, where an honest, upright, sober and industrious man is deprived of his child after years of bringing up? Let the people of the city of New York see to this outrageous crime, and let THE EVENING WORLD go on with its great work. A READER, 1643 Second avenue

Not Equalled Even in Siberia. "I take great pride in' such a paper as the New York Evening World and all the good it has done for the poor people of the city of New York. It has no equal as a newspaper on the face of the globe. I see with pleasure the great interest it has taken in Tina Weiss. I have never read about the equal of that case, even in far Siberia. It could not be worse. It is a disgrace to the great city of New York that such a thing could happen. Let every good father who has a warm heart think of this case, and let everybody support THE EVENING WORLD'S attitude in this matter, for it deserves it.
MIRE DONELSON, 1584 Second avenue.

WORLDLINGS.

Samuel W. Allerton, one of the wealthiest capitaliste in Chicago, was a farmer's boy in Northorn New York before he went West to seek his fortune. He has lived in Chicago since 1860. Dr. W. F. Harper, who is at the head of the department of Oriental Languages in Yale College, is one of the most distinguished Hebrew olars in the country. He is just thirty-five

*Congressman S. S. Cox is said to have a remarkably accurate memory. He has a wide knowledge of literature that is always at his tongue's end, and he is able to repeat off-hand many long pieces of verse.

One of the oldest residents in Chicago is an Edwards, a son of the first Governor of the Territory of Illinois, and brother-in-law of Abraham Liucoln. He is a type of a generation that is past and gone, a survivor of the time when log cabins were the finest buildings in the

The Colorid PASSING STRANGE.

Very Curious Experiences in the Realm of Slumber.

The Tournament Has Become a Remarkable Success.

Twill Pass Into the History of Dream Philosophy as Unique and Notable.

A Stenographer's Dream.

I dreamed of a funny story told me in London by a lady of remarkable intelligence. Guess my astonishment on rising in the morning to find it all noted down in short-hand on my writing tablet. I must have got out of bed and jotted it down. Tozer Doffede.

The Wedding Foretold Death. I dreamed that a young lady of my ac-quaintance was married. I thought she was dressed in white grave clothes, and a bunch of wheat was held in her hand. The bride-groom also had grave clothes on, and both looked strangely sad. A few days after my dream the young lady died. In her coffin she looked exactly the same as she did in my dream.

EVA BRUMMER.

223 West One Hundred and Twenty-third

Who Can Account for It? In September, 1871, while in camp with other companions at Camp Harney, Grand County, Ore., I dreamed I saw a young lady, cousin of mine, who lived at West Fitchburg, Mass, with whom I had corresponded but never seen. I saw her dying and heard her say to her mother: "If I could only live till I could see Cousin Will I would be willing to die." In about three weeks I received a letter from my aunt in the East which proved my dream true, even to the expression my cousin used.

All West Forts eighth street.

ousin used. 414% West Forty-eighth street. A Dream that Proved Advantageous. A few years ago I was in England and tool little interest in horse racing. A few weeks Handicap I dreamed that a horse by the name of Roysterer had "spread-cagled" the field and won easily. I mentioned this fact to a friend of mine the next day and he laughed at me. I took no further notice until I had the dream a second time. I thought it was very queer, but still I didn't think anything of it. But two days before the race (Sunday) I had it a third time. I backed the horse at 35 to 1, and it did 'spread-eagle' the field and win easily.

7 Washington street, Hoboken.

What Killed the Dog? I read an account in a recent SUNDAY World of a house in London in which one room was haunted by "something," the sight of which drove its occupants mad and sometimes killed them with fright. I

A Biblical Vision. About three weeks ago I had a beautiful dream. I was walking along the street, when suddenly the heavens seemed a blaze of light. and as I looked up the clouds parted and the sky was filled with angels with faces so bright and beautiful it made me happy to look at them. In the midst was the Saviour, with a little child in his arms, and near the Saviour's side was Mary, his mother. As I looked it faded from my sight, and I awoke with a smile on my face. It was most beautiful, and my dream was just as I have told you.

ELECTA HALL GREEN, 46 Wyckoff street, Brooklyn

But "Dot" Did Not Run. I dreamed I was in a large and well-known pool-room uptown and seeking to invest my surplus, which was rather small, in a "sure thing." I had asked several habitues of the place what they thought good, and one and all of them seemed to be a little shaky on the Clifton skates. After awhile I became en-gaged in conversation with the marker, who usually has a few good things, and he winked and said: "Watch Dot at New Orleans." I thereupon invested, and in the course of a few minutes the usual circle inclosed Dot's rew initutes the usual effect inclosed Dot's name and I was a winner. If my dream comes true to-morrow I think I may safely be employed as "Tiester" to the greatest of all sporting papers—The Evening World.

J. F. M., 49 Cedar street.

How He Found His Cards. I am a little boy, twelve years old. About two years ago a friend gave me s pack of cards. I was proud to be the owner of a whole pack of cards all to myself, so I would even steal them off to school. But mamma said they would take my mind off my lessons, said they would take my mind off my lessons, and said she would burn them or put them where I would never see them again. Hooked for them everywhere, so I came to the conclusion that mamma had destroyed them. One night I dreamed that I found my lost cards behind a large picture. I just got up and stepped on a chair and looked behind the picture, and sure enough I got them and brought them back to bed with me. So the next morning they all laughed at me and said I must have got them in my dream. I must have got them in my dream, J. F. K., Morristown, N. J.

A Deaf and Dumb Girl's Dream. I and my folks were talking about giving ip farming and moving to the city, when I dreamed that after we moved there I recollected that we left the apple orchard, that was promising to yield many apples. I obtained our former landlord's permission to tained our former landlord's permission to gather them on shares. I climbed up a tree and began to pick the apples, when my head was knocked by a branch and broken off as if it were crockery. I saw it on the ground looking up at mysolf. I came down to recover it, and I found only the head of a dead hen lying on the ground. I could not find my missing head. Was not it remarkable that I could see my head on the ground while I had no head on my shoulders?

M. L. B.

P. S.—I am a deaf and dumb girl.

Saw His Dream Painted. In the year 1875 I dreamed that I had taken trip to Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the northern countries. The peculiar and almost weird character of the scenery was pictured vividly upon my mind and has been ever since. A year afterwards occurred the International Exhibition in Philadelphia. I sauntered slowly from one section to another of the Art Department and suddenly came upon "Norway, Denmark, Sweden." I stood transfixed. There upon the walls were no less than a dozen scenes by native artists, duplicates of those I had seen in my dream, even to one particular scene, representing a deep to one particular scene, representing a deep mountain gorge and a narrow, dark river. A boat was upon the shore, and a man bearing a slain deer stepping into it. The deep, dark blue of the mountains and their abrupt

ascent were in reality as they appeared in the vision, while the unusual and weird character of trees and landscape in general corresponded exactly to that seen in my dream.

CHARLES BRIDOMAN.

The Canary Causes Trouble. We possess a valuable canary bird, much prized by my better half for eternal twittering and seed-scattering abilities. Worn out the other night I lay down to rest under the much discussed canary. I must have fallen asleep, for I thought I saw a cock sparrow half as big as a Christmasturkey fly through the plate-glass window and attack our beloved seed-destroyer. Some vulgar, unfeeling wretch agged the impudent Britisher on, and that insolent bird had the andacity to say to me as he flew out, this time through the solid stone wall, with a pair of canary eyes dangling from his beak: "Just wait till the old duck hears this; then you look out for squalls!" My \$300 gold watch flew through the hole he left in the wall, and I awoke with my head in the spittoon and that affrighted canary fluttering like mad overhead, while it emptied the contents of its cage—water, seeds, split oyster shells, crockery and sind—over and under my costly appare!

T. C. MULYANEY.

1611 Second avenue. for I thought I saw a cock sparrow half as

A Beautiful Dream of Peace. I had a remarkable dream near "the close of our civil war, which I shall always remember

as the most beautiful vision I ever beheld. Looking up to the heavens, I saw the Goddess of Liberty and Abraham Lincoln standing on a snow-white cloud edged with silver. The right arm of the Goddess was around the American flag, the staff resting against her shoulder, and the right hand held a laurel wreath over Mr. Lincoln's head. The flag was composed of very small red, white and blue stars as brilliant as diamonds. white and blue stars as brilliant as diamonds. With her left hand she plucked lovely flowers from the clouds and let them fall slowly, one by one, over the crouching form of Jeff Davis, who was sirting astride of a big black hog, and both falling rapidly to the earth. Mr. Lincoln had a peaceful smile on his face, and was also strewing flowers over Jeff Davis, but each little boquet was tied with white ribbon, on which was the word "Peace," composed of brilliant gold stars.

I stood spellbound looking at the lovely vision until it gradually ascended and melted out of sight, and Jeff Davis had struck the earth quite near me and disappeared entirely. In just one week from that day peace was declared. L.V.C., 33 West Nineteenth street.

A Locomotive Fireman's Vision In the month of November, 1879, I was a ocomotive fireman in the employ of the Manchester, Sheffield and Great Northern before the race for the City and Suburban Railroad Company, in England. Previous to going on duty one night I dreamed that in to going on duty one night I dreamed that in going through a tunnel I had seen a man in a sitting posture, with both legs badly mutilated. I related the dream to my mate, the driver, and got well laughed at. As night drew on and we approached the celebrated Woodhead Tunnel, which is upward of three miles and a quarter long, running right through the Yorkshire Hills, I had a nervous feeling come over me that I could not rid myself of. As we entered the tunnel some strange fascination held my gaze on the solid rock wall, and in that position stood, unable to move, until my mate shook able to move, until my mate shook me roughly by the shoulders and ordered me me roughly by the shoulders and ordered me to go to the front of the engine and work the sand boxes. Seizing a stout cord, I proceeded to the front of the engine, passed the cord under my arms and hitched it fast to the liferall on the smoke-tack. I stood transfixed with my gaze fixed on the reflection from the head light, when all at once I noticed an object a few yards ahead. The next moment I heard grouns, and as we pussed the spot, I saw it was a man with both legs badly mangled. I remembered nothing more for dreamed of being in this house, accompanied by my little black-and-tan dog. I tied a long piece of stout twine to his collar and sent him up two flights of stairs to the room, while I remained below, holding the string. He rushed upstairs barking and entered the room. Sudden stillness. I called but he did not come. I waited awhile and drew in the string and my dog came tumbling down stairs, white as snow and dead.

A Biblical Vision. had seen, and on several men going to the spot, they found a poor fellow minus both legs and just breathing his last. H. D. legs and just breathing his last. H. D. 1756 Ninth avenue.

VISITED A MINE IN DREAMS.

And Afterwards Took the Trip in Reality

and Bought the Property. Several years ago, during the excitement caused by the discovery of telluride mines in Colorado, I went to the town of Boulder with the intention of engaging in mercantile pursuits. Upon arriving I secured accomnodations at the Brainerd House where I heard much talk of the fabulous wealth of the mines and marvellous stories of discoveries. During the first night I had the following wonderful dream: In conversation with a gentleman with whom I became acquainted at the hotel, he informed me that he knew of a mine which could be bought at a low figure and advised me to purchase it. I demurred on account of knowing nothing concerning mines or mining, but the gentleman finally persuaded me to go with him and examine the property, and procuring a conveyance we started for the place, which, he said, was eight miles distant. We drove through a canyon where the grandeur of the heard much talk of the fabulous wealth of said, was eight miles distant. We drove through a canyon where the grandeur of the scenery is unsurpassed and which would be impossible to describe. After continuing in the canyon for about six miles we came to a place where the road forked, and we turned o the left and proceeded to ascend a very steep mountain up which the road wound its circuitous way and soon arrived at the mine. He (my companion) introduced me to Messrs. M & R — the owners of the mine.
They invited me to go down the shaft and I accepted the invitation. The remainder of the dream was so confused that I am unable to give an account of it, but I was consider-

ably impressed by the vividness of it.

A few days later I concluded to take a drive up Boulder Canon, which is justly celebrated for its scenery. After proceeding a short distance I was struck with the similarity short distance I was struck with the similarity of the read to one over which I had passed, but could not remember where, and as I proceeded further I realized that his was unmistakably the road over which I passed in the dream, and I resolved to continue and see if the rest would be verified. I went direct to the mine, where I found Mr. R., whom I had never seen except in my dream, and called him by name. The road, the mine and the surroundings were exactly the same as desired. surroundings were exactly the same as desurroundings were exactly the same as de-picted in my vision. I purchased the mine at a very low figure, and after having the pleasure of being a mine owner for a week I disposed of it to great advantage. I will add that it was an unlucky transaction, as the

mine never amounted to anything.

The name of this mine was "The Kansas City," and it is located at Magnolia, Col.

F. C. Mills, 1793 Third avenue,

Among the Workers. The Food Producers' and the Metal-Workers sections will meet to-night.

Easter night has been fixed as the time for the ball of the Barbers' Union.

the call of the Barbers Union.

The Miscellaneous Section last night condemned the action of the Judges of the Court of Special Sessions in convicting John McFaul, a member of the Progressive Carpet-Workers Union, of assault, and sending him to Black-well's Island for a month. McFaul is one of the Trustees of the Central Labor Union, His trouble grewout of the strike at Higgins's carpet mills.

pet mills.

The ingrain carpet weavers who are on strike from the Higgins mills are to hold a meeting in Park Hall, Eighth avenue and Forty-eighth street, this afternoon to consider a proposition from a carpet manufacturer who desires to employ from thirty to fifty weavers for a short season in order to fill pressing orders. Sixteen hundred hands are still on strike from the Higgins mills.

gins mills.

George Putnam Smith, as referee, is engaged in getting at the facts relative to the trouble between the two factions of District Assembly 49 regarding the Pythagoras Hall property. The proceeding is one to cause the dissolution of the New York Protective Association, the petitioners being seven of the nine Trustees of the organization. The fact is admitted that the property is so heavily encumbered that it cannot be saved to the New York Protective Association. The East River Savings Bank holds a mortgage of \$3.5, 900 against the property and has given notice of foreclosure.

SOME CORUSCATIONS OF WIT.

SOME BRIGHT THINGS THAT GLITTER IN THE PARAGRAPHERS' COLUMN.

The Power of Music.



The sun had already sunk in the west when the convict returned to his native village. During the many years of his confinement he had harbored but one idea—that of revenge. As he harbored but one idea—that of revenge. As he neared the old school-house (which, by the way, he had made up his mind to fire) a bell from a distant spire began its slow and solemn peal. A feeling which the convict had not relt in many years filled his breast. He stood rooted to the spot, and tears, hot tears, moistened his cheeks. When the bell had ceased its tolling he hastily wiped his eyes with the back of his calloused hand, and exclaimed: "My heart is softened; I will not shed blood to-night—I will rob instead!"

Stranger (in the court-room)-What time have

you got, please ? Prisoner (at counsel's table)-I can tell you better after the trial. Frequently Done. Rounder-How is it for a pass on your road ?

A Premature Inquiry.

Agent—Can't do it. Rounder—Don't you pass anything on this road? Agent—Oh, yes. We pass dividends.

[From Harper's Basar.]
Northern Gentleman (who has been reading on the subject of Vondooism among the colored people, and thinks he will make a little origina research)—Jasper, do any of your people carry charms about them for protection? Jasper—Oh, yes, sah; but I nebber hear dem call charms 'fore; more ginerally call dem razors, sah.

A Sufficient Reason. (From Drake's Magazine.)
"Oh, Why Should They Bury Me Deep?" is the title of some verses sent to this office by a New Jersey poet. One reading of the poem ought to furnish a satisfactory answer to any

Made His Expenses.

reasonable person.

(From Harper's Basar.)
Wife (to her husband, a physician)—Did you stop at the Vancouver ball to-night, William ? Physician-For a few minutes, my dear. Wife—Did it seem to be a successful affair? Physician—Oh, yes. While I was there a young lady fell in a fainting condition and I prescribed for her. Here is her father's card.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"Those Government officers who test the new ordnance at Annapolis remind me of the big Chinese fireworks," remarked the Judge.

'Because they are noisy;" asked the Major.

'Not at all; because they are cannon crac

She Had No Time to Tend Birds.

[From Harper's Basar.]
Dealer (to countryman looking at clocks) Now there's something unique in the way of clocks, sir. When the hour begins a bird comes out from the top and sings "Cuckoo," For instance, I turn the hand to 3 o'clock, and now the bird comes out and sings "Cuckoo" three times.
Countryman (enthusiastically, to wife)—By gum, Mariar, don't that beat all!"
Wife—That kind o' clock may do fur people who've got lots o' time, but it'd take me half the forenoon every day to look after the bird.

Understood the Order

[From the Philadelphia Record.] Scientist (in Philadelphia restaurant)-I wish some protoxide of hydrogen mixed with coal tar from gas works, dyestuffs, cotton, woollen and paper waste from factories, refuse from laundries and household sewage.

Waiter (in confusion—I don't know what protoxide of hydrogen is, but judgin' from the other things you mention, you're askin' fer a glass of Schuylkill water.

A Difference in the Player.

Tommy Traddles came into the house crying. and in a very mussed up condition. "Now, Tommy," said his mother, "haven't I told you time and again not to play with that wicked little McCarthy boy 7"
"I hain't been playin' with him," sobbed Tommy; "he's been playin' with me."

> Another Mystery Explained. Prom the Philadelphia Record.)

Sensible Wife-My dear, you remember, course, that before our marriage I told you that rather enjoyed cigar smoke. Well, I am sure I do not love you may less now, yet the fact re mains that I find your smoking intensely disa greeable. Why is it?
Sensible Husband—When I had only myself to support I smoked two for a quarter; now I smoke two for five.



Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French I don't know what to take for breakfast.; Waiter-Monsieur désirerait peut-être du jam on avec des ceufs ? Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French) No. I hate that; give me some ham and eggs.

Distress After Eating

Is one of the many disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia. Headache, heartburn, sour stomach, faintness and ca pricious appetite are also caused by this very widespread and growing disease. Hood's Barsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy diges

cases of dyspepsis. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsis. I had but lit-tle appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had pot eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an in ase amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my mense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food reliabed and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gons feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparille, that I am happy to recommend it. G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass. N. B. -Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prapared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothnoaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

replace it by a new one. The accident happened about 6, 30 last evening and caused much de

One of the strands enapped at the entrance to the engine-room at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, leaving three trains stranded at various parts of the structure. Mrs. Grey, of 319 Seventeenth street. Brooklyn, was thrown down between the platforms of one of the cars by the sudden shock and narrowly escaped serious injory.

ON A SAINT'S DAY. MPEDIMENT JOE. [WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

Modern Pagans May Quietly Pay I've s-s-suffered enough in sp-p-p-pirit t-to Off Old Grudges. d-d-d-die a d-d-dozen t-t-t-times; I'll t-t-try 'nd t-t-tell you about it in a f-f-f-few

Rhymed Horrors to Be Sent Out in 8-s-short s-s-s-simple ry-ry-ry-ry-ry-ry-Th-there, s-s-see th-that now? S-s-stuck again; Good Valentine's Name.

If I k-k-k-kept on a t-t-tryin' w-without stopping f-f-f-for a w-w-w-week. It's n-nothin' v-very f-f-f-funny f-f-for me, 'nd If You Get One of These Here's What It Means.

St. Valentine was a missionary who tried to Quite I-l-laughable t-t-to y-y-y-y-yconvert some pagans in Northern Europe as S no use, I e-couldn't say it f-f-for a f-f-f-fiftyfar back as the year 470 A. D. They did not take kindly to his teachings,

Y-you s-s-see m-m-my r-r-road to eloquence is s-all th-the w-w-way up h-hill. and gave him twenty-four hours in which to s'p-pose it always w-wswill b-be, it's r-r-rough, leave town. He thought they were fooling, perhaps, but nd f-f-folks w-w-w-will always c-c-call m-me at any rate he was found around the same place next day, and then he was sent out of town in a hurry, being put to death in a tor-

O-c-cant even sp-peak m-my n-name, you s-s-see, ture chamber. Nothing has been heard from him since t-tried th-that once 'nd some f-f-folks but his name is frequently mentioned about sw-w-wore th-that I w-was s-sawin' w-wood,

this time every year. 'Nd others s-s-said they knew it c-c-c-couldn't Saint Valentine's Day is a boon to that timid man, the henpecked husband, who w-w-workin' s-s-s-same as t-t-talkin' n-n-never d-d-did w-w-with m-me ag-g-g-g blames his wife's mamma as the cause of all his trouble.

He longs for the arrival of the good saint's D-d-dum it! w-what w-was I m-m-made f-f-for, day, when by the simple outlay of a penny he can get a caricature like the one under-With t-t-talkin' g-gear l-l-left out l-l-ike a t-t-t-tneath, which, in his own mind, he decides is the best likeness of the lady in question that 'm l-l-loaded t-to the n-neck w-w-with t-t-talk,

> Of course he transmits the picture, with the accompanying lines, through the mail, writing the address in a feigned hand, as he does not feel sure how the old lady will take it.

ake it.

He usually finds out that she gets ugly about it, and he suffers accordingly. He does not mind it, though, feeling that he has got a little the best of her anyhow. Here's The cruelest thing in



he has ever seen.

law, I own: You keep your daughter e'en in awe. And lay down my do mestic law. Slayer of human joys, You'll make me the-at least divorce.

Beware, young men, the

to gue and claws

nature known

Is you, my mother-in-

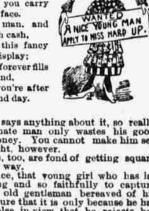
Of these she devils, main-laws. The young man who has been jilted feels so sore and hurt about the matter that he feels it is a duty which he owes his fellow-men to send something like this to the false fair one:

You think yourself a lovely maid. Got up in style, and full of grace : But that in which you're strongest is The brass you carry

in your face. To catch a man, and one with cash. You make this fancy goods display;

The thought forever fills your mind,

"Tis what you're after night and day.



Vishe never says anything about it, so really the unfortunate man only wastes his good time and money. You cannot make him see it in that light, however.

The ladies, too, are fond of getting square in this quiet way.

For instance, that young girl who has labored so long and so faithfully to capture

the wealthy old gentleman bereaved of his wife, feels sure that it is only because he has some one else in view that he rejects her maidenly advances, and she sits down to conjure up something that she thinks will make him "feel real mean, the nasty old

She gets her money's worth, and no mis take, if she buys this:



With rusty crape upon your hat, And cotton gloves se shabby. You poke in every lady's Your visage pale and flabby.

You want another wife. 'tis plain; You'll promise, too, to pet her. wicked lies In hopes at last to get

The man who wants to get even with that friend of his who sits down beside him for an hour at a time and retails chestnuts just drops him by mail this little thing. He does not mind it, but it may relieve the other fel-low's feelings: You measly, mumbling,

wrinkled pill, Your head is like a billiard ball; Deaf as a post-to make One in your ear must loudly bawl. You visit all the girls '

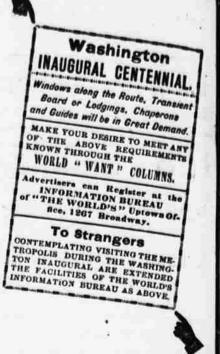
you know, You shut your wat'ry eyes and snore; Your ears bespeak the braying ass, Your silly talk the gabbling bore.

If you are a tender-hearted girl, and feel If you are a tender-hearted girl, and feel sorry for the young fellow to whom you just said you "could never be anything but a sister," the proper thing to do is to send him a valentine. There are others worse than this one following, but no doubt he will think this is horrible enough and feel glad that you did not say yos: that you did not say yos :

'Tis very hard lines thus to love and be smit-To offer your hand and then get the mit. That very fair rose will

no doubt be rejected and blue For snubbing so sweet a gallant as you. Keep a stiff upper lip though she turns up her nose, There's men quite as ugly

have stood in your clothes. t refers to the gossip who goes tells your friends and neighbors first wife is still living, though



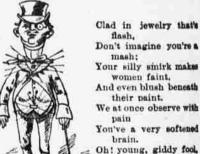
she does not really believe the lady you are

Double-tounged viper, mean and low. go; Vile distributor of lies, Devil in a woman's guise.

When within the grave you're laid E'en the worms will feer dismayed. Rude backbiter, sloven Heaven will never smill

on you.

It is doubtful if the following will disturb the equanimity of the young fellow who be-lieves he is the cynosure of all women's eyes:



Put up in a tailor's suit.

If you are real angry with the fellow who lreases better than you do, you might send him this if it were not against the law: Grinning ape, with manners rude.
Ancient fool and would-You make all the boot-

At your attempts to put on style: Trotting mule-like dow the street. Ogling every maid you meet: Some son or father with

blacks smile

cowhide Had best warm up your



And start a little candy shop. Of course, nobody should send out un-pleasant valentines, for doing so is against the law and is unkind besides.

Bis Objection.



Miss Jellyby-And now that I have said Yes," my dear Claude, I wish you would ask papa at once; and while you are about it you might say a word to mamma, and-er-Aunt Mary has been so kind, you know; just mention it to her and ask if she is willing; and then
Uncle George might—
Claude—Fardon me., Miss Jellyby; isn't it a
little rough on a fellow to make him secure a
wife on the instalment plan?

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